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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1029

There were a number of luxury cars parked right in front of the entrance to the building where her company was based out of. The black Rolls Royce between the white Lincolns was especially eye-catching.

To the front of the Rolls Royce stood two uniform rows of five men with arms akimbo, all dressed in black suits and shades. Between them were two individuals in a similar getup, one of whom was closer to the fore. The difference with this one was the exceptional make of his suit which accentuated his frame perfectly.

The pair of shades added an air of mystery about him. Underneath it was a chiseled face which evoked an unfathomable charisma.

The one right behind him who had a large bouquet of fresh red roses in hand yet appeared oddly out of place.

Hannah was positively smitten. Her jaw hit the floor before she swallowed hard. Is this some profession of love? Cause if that is, it is way too awesome!

When she thought about her own predicament, she could only lament. Never mind this sort of confession, I should be thanking my lucky stars if that aloof man does not try to boss me around.

Hannah shrugged. She took a quick glance toward the man as she shifted to the side and prepared to leave.

Huh? Why did that smile resembled Fabian's? Hannah shook her head vigorously, and wondered what had gotten into herself recently. She wondered why she kept compulsively thinking about him.

"Hannah!"

"Huh?" She turned back and replied instinctively upon hearing her own name called.

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Hmm? She started looking around. It did not seem like anyone was calling her. Have I misheard?

“Over here.”

A voice seemed within earshot. This time she lifted her head in the direction of its source.

Hannah’s eyes widened. The one calling her was none other than the mysterious man who was at the center of everyone’s attention. And that man was none other than Fabian. How could this not had taken Hannah by surprise.

Her lips parted in abject disbelief.

Does Fabian stage this for me?

She had to pinch herself on the arm to make sure she was not dreaming.

Ouch. That hurts. Instead of frowning, Hannah’s face was filled with excitement. That feeling, however, dissipated instantaneously when she saw the people around her.

She reverted to her usual sedateness.

At this moment, Fabian had received the roses from his assistant and was making his way over.

The onlookers looked on in bated breath, and strained their ears to pick up on whatever was being said.

Fabian’s well-crafted dress shoes tapped crisply upon the ground with an almost melodic quality.

“Thank you for accepting my interview the last time, Mr. Norton.” Hannah tried very hard to suppress her own delight. She smiled courteously and pretended to not know Fabian well.

“You’re welcome, Ms. Young. It was something I wanted to do myself as well.” Fabian smiled slyly. He read her thoughts so instead of exposing her, followed up fittingly.

If this is how you want to roll, I’ll play along.

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Fabian looked over to the eyes in the crowd which were transfixed upon them and laughed. He had not really taken care of her too well so he considered this a form of reparation.

The man suddenly took to one knee, with back straightened and head tilted up. His expression evoked a certain elegance and his eyes burned with passion as they gazed intently upon Hannah.

“I’ve fallen for you from the very first time we’ve met, Ms. Young. Through the process of our interviews, I’ve only grown more certain of my feelings and after much deliberation, I’ve decided to confess my affections for you. Ms. Young, I hope that you could give me a chance to date you.”

Fabian finished his declaration with sincerity before he extended the roses forward, his eyes locked imploringly upon Hannah as he waited patiently for her answer.

“Come one! Say yes!” Someone in the crowd cheered and the others started to chorus after him.

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“Say yes!”

“Say yes!”

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Amidst the ruckus, a sharp voice shouted, “Marry him!” That made Hannah sweat it.

Fabian was beaming.

What has gotten into him, acting out of character today.

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Hannah was over the moon, yet some doubt lingered. Why was the aloof Mr. Norton suddenly so nice to her today?

What should I do? Should I agree? Would other people think that I'm too easy? If she refused, Fabian would be embarrassed, and there would be hell to pay when she got back.

After some thought, Hannah still accepted the roses from Fabian. "I... I'm quite overwhelmed."

Fabian was all smiles. He got to his feet fluidly and dusted off around his knee. "I hope I wasn't being too abrupt, Ms. Young. We could start out as friends if you like."

Hannah acted a little assured and avoided being overtly emotional. "Alright, let's do that, and see what happens."

Fabian chuckled inside at the woman's gift for words.

With that, he took a step forward and positioned himself right in front of Hannah. "How was that? Did it make you happy?"

Hannah rolled her eye. Before she could speak, Fabian held her by the shoulders. Her face flushed red as she chided him coquettishly, "What are you trying to do, Fabian?"

"Okay, show's over. Let's go for dinner. What would you like to have?" Fabian asked as he looked straight into her eyes.

Being held in full view of a live audience made Hannah squirm uncomfortably as she sought to get free.

That only made Fabian strengthen his grip and put an arm over her shoulders. "Better play ball if you don't want to be embarrassed in front of so many."

Shameless! Hannah could only cuss in silence and follow his lead.

"The hero gets the girl, as it should be."

"Right on. Just look at what a lovely looking couple they make."

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"I didn't think Mr. Norton fancies that type. Looks like I'm shit out of luck."

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The fervent discussions reached their ears. Some were of praise, and others were of teenage girls' lovelorn lamentations. None of which bothered Fabian, who could not stop smiling. Hannah to the side was thoughtful when she stole a glance at him.

Am I really compatible with him like the others said? But I thought Fabian does not really care for me.

The duo strolled up to the black sedan and prepared to get in.

The crowd was uproarious before they too prepared to disperse. Just then, a discontented voice rang out and stunned all present.

"Are you sure you want to pursue a married woman, Mr. Norton?" An alluring woman decked out in designer goods and a branded clutch took center-stage out of the blue.

That put a frown on Hannah's brow, yet she remained undaunted. Don't you know that I'm wedded to Fabian? This Regina's so annoying, I'm shocked that she hasn't grown sick and tired of herself yet.

Fabian's eyes darkened as he narrowed them. He let go of Hannah and turned around in search of the woman who spoke. "Is that so? Kindly elaborate."

Regina thought her instigation took effect when Fabian relinquished his hold on Hannah. Pitting yourself against me, Hannah Young? Hmph! Now watch how I'll ruin you.

She then strode forward smugly. "To the best of my understanding, Hannah's already married but avoided mentioning her husband so that she may continue to fool around with men outside. What a loser this man must be to not only marry a loose woman like her but also let her do whatever she wants. Do not be bewitched by this slut, Mr. Norton."

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